THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, May 14, 1804.

DESCRIPTION *of the* RUSSIAN ARMY.

[From the French of an ingenious Foreigner, by whom it was publiſhed in 1803.]

EUROPE, long afflicted by a cruel war, turned her eyes towards the north: the march of the Ruſſians, which had been announced ſeven years back, was the laſt hope of thoſe nations that already groaned under the French yoke, or were fearful of being obliged to ſubmit to it. The diſtant ſituation of the Ruſſians (ſome of whom, it was ſaid, were coming from Kamſchatka to the Alps), the novelty of the ſight, and the diverſity of manners and language, added conſiderably to the ſanguine expectations which had been formed with regard to their junction. People were impatient and curious to ſee two of the moſt warlike nations in the world (each of whom thought itſelf invincible), come to iſſue together. The name of Suwarrow carried the general hope to the higheſt pitch. The French, in ſpeaking of the barbarians of the north, affected a ſecurity which they were far from feeling. The aſſaults given at Ockzakow and Iſmail, the rapid conqueſt of Poland, the triumphant capture of Warſaw (before which the king of Pruſſia had been unſucceſsful, and from which he had retired, after throwing his artillery into the Viſtula), the captivity of Koſciuſko; all theſe circumſtances alarmed the French, and inſpired them with fears, to which they ſought to render themſelves inſenſible. It was remembered, that Frederick the Great had ſeen his own genius, and the valour of his troops, yield and break to pieces againſt the unſhaken firmneſs of the Ruſſians. The French newſpapers teemed with inſults upon the Ruſſians, and jeſts upon Suwarrow; there were but few perſons who did not believe, eſpecially in France, that all that was ſaid of him was no-

thing more than a fabrication of ſo many tales, invented by writers, who were paid by government, for the purpoſe of making an enemy, whom it dreaded, contemptible; there was, notwithſtanding, ſome degree of truth in theſe reports.

The French, wiſhing to prevent the junction of the Ruſſians and Auſtrians, haſtened to attack the latter. The directory, all the armies themſelves, and all Europe, were ſurpriſed at the reſult of the firſt operations. Scherer's want of ſkill was no longer prejudicial in Italy; and Jourdan ought to have known before-hand, that he was incapable of contending with the Archduke Charles. Kray, with an inferior army, had beaten the French, notwithſtanding the orders of his court, which could not prevent the former from attacking him. The French, having been accuſtomed to victory, could not be brought even to think of the poſſibility of defeat; and the Auſtrians, aſtoniſhed at their good fortune, did not take advantage of their ſucceſſes in Italy with ſo much rapidity, as did the archduke of thoſe, on his ſide, in Germany.

The balance had already turned, when the Ruſſians arrived in Italy. The activity of Suwarrow, ſeconded by the Marquis de Chaſteller, rouſed the lethargic ſpirit of the Auſtrians, and added conſiderably to what had already been awakened by their victories. The armies made prodigious marches, and beat the French wherever they overtook them. Macdonald was returning from Naples with a conſiderable army. Moreau had not, in the firſt inſtance, been ſo briſkly purſued as he ſhould have been, nor had the general diſpoſition, in Italy, to drive him completely out of it, been ſufficiently attended to; he ſtill had means of keeping up a communication with Macdonald. The French, accuſtomed to contend with Auſtrian lines, that were almoſt immoveable, and to attack, inſtead of being attacked, were diſconcerted by this new method of tactics. The Ruſſians, hitherto, had neither received, nor given quarter; endeavours were made to perſuade the army, and conſcripts in France, that there were no Ruſſians amongſt the troops with which they were to contend. The French every where anxiouſly enquired of each other, whether they had ſeen the Ruſſians. The idea of the Ruſſian bayonets alarmed their courage, as they did not expect to receive quarter from them.

The battle of Trebia, which was warmly conteſted, and the perilous poſition of the French army, induced them to make extraordinary efforts. It is well known, that the ſame danger, which terrifies the weak, raiſes the courage of the brave. The valour of the Ruſſians and Auſtrians overcame the impetuoſity of the French. In the courſe of this long battle, a body of Ruſſians made a retrograde movement; the marſhal, who was, perhaps, only fatigued, lay down on the high road, ſaying, *that he would die on that ſpot, ſince his troops abandoned him.* The

Ruſſians,

Ruſſians, affected at ſeeing their old general in this poſition, returned to the charge, broke through the French, and put them to the rout.

In their diſcipline and tactics, the Ruſſians are the diſciples of the Pruſſians, and adhere ſtrictly to the ſchool of Frederick the Great; they practiſe what the Pruſſians did thirty years ago. It is impoſſible, in ſpeaking of the Ruſſians, not to ſpeak of Suwarrow; we ſhall not preſume to give an account of his exploits, but ſimply to relate ſeveral *traits* which hiſtory may not have been able to collect, and which paint his character, and the ſingularity of his manners.

Any perſon, who had not been previouſly acquainted with the exploits of Suwarrow, that ſhould ſee a little old man, clothed only in a ſhirt, or a pair of drawers, going, either on foot or horſeback, bare-headed, through rain or the heat of the ſun, in the midſt of the Ruſſians, would take him for a low follower of the army; this, however, was Suwarrow. An intrepidity, ſuperior to all dangers, a prompt and active genius, and unlimited devotion to his prince's intereſts, made the marſhal one of the greateſt men of his time. Never did general ſo entirely poſſeſs the confidence of his troops; this was natural, for victory had never yet abandoned him. Suwarrow had formed his tactics from the war which he conducted againſt the Turks; he had the ſame confidence in his ſoldiers that they placed in him. The Ruſſians had the aſcendancy over the Turks; ſo much ſo, that it was Suwarrow's cuſtom to anticipate the furious attack of the Turks, by attacking them himſelf; he fought, upon all occaſions, to come up with the enemy; being well perſuaded that the valour of his troops would make them victorious. He had not, perhaps, ſufficiently conſidered, that the French, although they reſemble the Turks in the violence of their attacks, are nevertheleſs capable of performing their movements with greater facility.

The Ruſſian ſoldier is deficient in inſtruction rather than intelligence: the ſervile obedience, to which he is accuſtomed from his birth, the rigorous diſcipline of the army, and his abſolute ſeparation from all other nations (whoſe language and manners are totally unknown to him), make him more obedient to his officers, and more patient and hardy, than the ſoldier of any other ſervice. Courage is the general characteriſtic; it is, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, the faith and creed of the Ruſſian ſoldier. Implicit obedience occaſions in him the ſame effects that enthuſiaſm does in other nations. The effect which ſervitude produces is here the ſame with that of the moſt ardent patriotiſm; it is more ſure and durable than that of enthuſiaſm; the artificial warmth of which cannot be long kept up. Thus, what by philoſophers is called the laſt ſtate of degradation, places a man on the ſame level with heroiſm. The Ruſſian ſol-

diers do not conceive it poſſible to give up the conteſt, ſo long as they have life to continue it. The officers are, in general, very ignorant; for this reaſon ſtrangers are in high eſteem among them; theyare brave in the ranks, but, like the ſoldiers, they are ſo from the effect of diſcipline. The ſame horror is entertained in the Ruſſian armies of cowardice, as is entertained, in other countries, againſt irreligion and villainy. Bravery is a duty, from which nobody conſiders himſelf exempt. A Ruſſian camp reſembles a horde of Tartars. In the ſame manner that a people, accuſtomed to obey the laws, mechanically obſerve them, ſo do the Ruſſians conſtantly follow the rules of diſcipline, without daring to depart from them.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Memoirs of the late Mr. Day, Author of Sandford and Merton, &c. &c.

[Extracted from Miſs Seward's Memoirs of the Life of Dr. Darwin.]

EVEN at that period, "when youth, elate and gay, ſteps into life," Mr. Day was a rigid moraliſt, who proudly impoſed on himſelf cold abſtinence, even from the moſt innocent pleaſures; nor would he allow an action to be virtuous, which was performed upon any hope of reward here or hereafter. This ſeverity of principle, more abſtract and ſpecious, than natural or uſeful, rendered Mr. Day ſceptical towards revealed religion, though by no means a *confirmed* deiſt. Moſt unlike Dr. Johnſon in thoſe doubts, he reſembled him in want of ſympathy with ſuch miſeries as ſpring from refinement and the ſofter affections; reſembled him alſo, in true compaſſion for the ſufferings of cold and hunger. To the power of relieving them he nobly ſacrificed all the parade of life, and all the pleaſures of luxury. For that maſs of human character which conſtitutes poliſhed ſociety, he avowed a ſovereign contempt; above all things he expreſſed averſion to the modern plans of female education, attributing to their influence the fickleneſs which had ſtung him. He thought it, however, his duty to marry; nurſed ſyſtematic ideas of the force of philoſophic tuition to produce future virtue, and loved to mould the infant and youthful mind.

Ever deſpicable in Mr. Day's eſtimation were the diſtinctions of birth, and the advantages of wealth; and he had learnt to look back with reſentment to the allurements of the graces. He reſolved, if poſſible, that his wife ſhould have a taſte for literature and ſcience, for moral and patriotic philoſophy. *So* might ſhe be his companion in that retirement, to which he had deſtined himſelf; and aſſiſt him in forming the minds of his children to ſtubborn virtue and high exertion. He reſolved alſo, that ſhe

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ſhould be ſimple as a mountain girl, in her dreſs, her diet, and her manners; fearleſs and intrepid as the Spartan wives and Roman heroines.—There was no finding ſuch a creature ready made; philoſophical romance could not hope it. He muſt mould ſome infant into the being his fancy had imaged.

With the late Mr. Bicknel, then a barriſter, in conſiderable practice, and of taintleſs reputation, and ſeveral years older than himſelf, Mr. Day lived on terms of intimate friendſhip. Credentials were procured of Mr. Day's moral probity, and with them, on his coming of age, theſe two friends journied to Shrewſbury, to explore the hoſpital in that town for foundling girls. From the little train, Mr. Day, in the preſence of Mr. Bicknel, ſelected two of twelve years each; both beautiful; one fair, with flaxen locks, and light eyes; her he called Lucretia. The other, a clear, auburn brunette, with darker eyes, more glowing bloom, and cheſnut treſſes, he named Sabrina.

Theſe girls were obtained on written conditions, for the performance of which Mr. Bicknel was guarantee. They were to this effect: that Mr. Day ſhould, within the twelvemonth after taking them, reſign one into the protection of ſome reputable tradeſwoman, giving one hundred pounds to bind her apprentice; maintaining her, if ſhe behaved well, till ſhe married, or began buſineſs for herſelf. Upon either of theſe events, he promiſed to advance four hundred more. He avowed his intention of educating the girl he ſhould retain, with a view to making her his future wife; ſolemnly engaged never to violate her innocence; and if he ſhould renounce his plan, to maintain her decently in ſome creditable family till ſhe married, when he promiſed five hundred pounds as her wedding portion.

Mr. Day went inſtantly into France with theſe girls; not taking an Engliſh ſervant, that they might receive no ideas except thoſe which himſelf might chooſe to impart.

They teazed and perplexed him; they quarrelled, and fought inceſſantly; they ſickened of the ſmall-pox; they chained him to their bed-ſide by crying, and ſcreaming if they were ever left a moment with any perſon who could not ſpeak to them in Engliſh. He was obliged to ſit up with them many nights, to perform for them the loweſt offices of aſſiſtance.

They loſt no beauty by their diſeaſe. Soon after they had recovered, croſſing the Rhone with his wards in a tempeſtuous day, the boat overſet. Being an excellent ſwimmer he ſaved them both, though with difficulty and danger to himſelf.

Mr. Day came back to England in eight months, heartily glad to ſeparate the little ſquabblers. Sabrina was become the favourite. He placed the fair Lucretia with a chamber milliner. She behaved well, and became the wife of a reſpectable linen-draper in London. On his return to his native country, he entruſted Sabrina to the care of Mr. Bicknel's mother, with whom

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ſhe reſided ſome months in a country village, while he ſettled his affairs at his own manſion-houſe, from which he promiſed not to remove his mother.

It has been ſaid before, that the fame of Dr. Darwin's talents allured Mr. Day to Lichfield. Thither he led, in the ſpring of the year 1770, the beauteous Sabrina, then thirteen years old, and taking a twelve month's poſſeſſion of the pleaſant manſion in Stowe Valley, reſumed his preparations for implanting in her young mind the characteriſtic virtues of Arria, Portia, and Cornelia. His experiments had not the ſucceſs he wiſhed and expected. Her ſpirit could not be armed againſt the dread of pain, and the appearance of danger. When he dropped melted ſealing-wax upon her arms ſhe did not endure it heroically, nor when he fired piſtols at her petticoats, which ſhe believed to be charged with balls, could ſhe help ſtarting aſide, or ſuppreſs her ſcreams.

When he tried her fidelity in ſecret-keeping, by telling her of well-invented dangers to himſelf, in which greater danger would reſult from its being diſcovered that he was aware of them, he once or twice detected her having imparted them to the ſervants, and to her play-fellows.

She betrayed an averſeneſs to the ſtudy of books, and of the rudiments of ſcience, which gave little promiſe of ability, that ſhould, one day, be reſponſible for the education of youths, who were to emulate the Gracchi.

Mr. Day perſiſted in theſe experiments, and ſuſtained their continual diſappointment during a year's reſidence in the vicinity of Lichfield. The difficulty ſeemed to lie in giving her motive to exertion, ſelf-denial, and heroiſm. It was againſt his plan to draw it from the uſual ſources, pecuniary reward, luxury, ambition, or vanity. His watchful cares had precluded all knowledge of the value of money, the reputation of beauty, and its concomitant deſire of ornamented dreſs. The only inducement, therefore, which this lovely artleſs girl could have to combat and ſubdue the natural preference, in youth ſo bloſſoming, of eaſe to pain, of vacant ſport to the labour of thinking, was the deſire of pleaſing her protector, though ſhe knew not how, or why he became ſuch. In that deſire, fear had greatly the aſcendant of affection, and fear is a cold and indolent feeling.

Thus, after a ſeries of fruitleſs trials, Mr. Day renounced all hope of moulding Sabrina into the being his imagination had formed; and ceaſing to behold her as his future wife, he placed her at a boarding-ſchool in Sutton Coldfield, Warwickſhire. His truſt in the power of education faltered; his averſion to modern elegance ſubſided. From the time he firſt lived in the Vale of Stowe, he had daily converſed with the beautiful Miſs Honora Sneyd, of Lichfield. Without having received a Spar-

tan education, ſhe united a diſintereſted deſire to pleaſe, fortitude of ſpirit, native ſtrength of intellect, literary and ſcientific taſte, to unſwerving truth, and to all the graces. She was the very Honora Sneyd, for whom the gallant and unfortunate Major Andre's inextinguiſhable paſſion is on poetic, as his military fame and hapleſs deſtiny are on patriot, record.

Parental authority having diſſolved the juvenile engagements of this diſtinguiſhed youth and maid, Mr. Day offered to Honora his philoſophic hand. She admired his talents; ſhe revered his virtues; ſhe tried to ſchool her heart into ſofter ſentiments in his favour. She did not ſucceed in that attempt, and ingenuouſly told him ſo. Her ſiſter, Miſs Elizabeth Sneyd, one year younger than herſelf, was very pretty, very ſprightly, very artleſs, and very engaging, though countleſs degrees inferior to the endowed and adorned Honora. To her the yet love-luckleſs ſage transferred the heart, which Honora had with ſighs reſigned. Elizabeth told Mr. Day ſhe could have loved him, if he had acquired the manners of the world, inſtead of thoſe auſtere ſingularities of air, habit, and addreſs.

He began to impute to them the fickleneſs of his firſt love; the involuntary icineſs of the charming Honora, as well as that for which her ſiſter accounted. He told Elizabeth, that, for her ſake, he would renounce his prejudices to external refinements, and try to acquire them. He would go to Paris for a year, and commit himſelf to dancing and fencing-maſters. He did ſo; ſtood daily an hour or two in frames, to ſcrew back his ſhoulders, and point his feet; he practiſed the military gait, the faſhionable bow, minuets, and cotillions; but it was too late: habits, ſo long fixed, could no more than partially be overcome. The endeavour, made at intervals, and by viſible effort, was more really ungraceful than the natural ſtoop, and the unfaſhionable air. The ſtudied bow on entrance, the ſuddenly recollected aſſumption of attitude, prompted the riſible inſtead of the admiring ſenſation; neither was the ſhowy dreſs, in which he came back to his fair one, a jot more becoming.

Poor Elizabeth reproached her reluctant but inſuppreſſive ingratitude, upon which all this labour, theſe ſacrifices had been waſted. She confeſſed that Thomas Day, *blackguard*, as he uſed jeſtingly to ſtyle himſelf, *leſs* diſpleaſed her eye than Thomas Day, *fine gentleman*.

Thus again diſappointed, he reſumed his accuſtomed plainneſs of garb, and neglect of his perſon, and went again upon the continent for another year, with purſuits of higher aim, more congenial to his talents and former principles. Returning to England in the year 1775, he ſaw, that ſpring, Miſs Honora Sneyd united to his friend Mr. Edgeworth, who was become a widower; and, in the year 1780, he learned that his ſecond love

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of that name, Miſs Elizabeth Sneyd, was alſo, after the death of Honora, married to Mr. Edgeworth.

It was ſingular that Mr. Day ſhould thus, in the courſe of ſeven years, find himſelf doubly rivalled by his moſt intimate friend; but his own previouſly renounced purſuit of thoſe beautiful young women, left him without either cauſe or ſenſations of reſentment on their account.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Deſcription of Amiens, and its Manufactories.

[Tranſlated from the recent Travels of Camus, Member of the National Inſtitute.]

THE acceſs to Amiens is by good roads, between beautiful walks. This city ſeems proud of the congreſs which gave peace to Europe. In paſſing through the ſtreets, the air is inceſſantly accoſted with the noiſe of the ſhuttle.

Thus every houſe is a manufactory, where they make caſſimeres, velvets, and all ſort of woven goods, whether in cotton or wool. Some citizens, who have large capitals, and are able to make advances, have collected together a number of artiſts into their extenſive buildings. M. de la Haye fabricates both velvets and velveteens, which are frequently ſold as velvets, though eſſentially different; as a much ſmaller quantity of the raw material is conſumed in the former, and a different method is uſed in cutting the ſhag. The ſhag of the velvet is cut in the loom croſs-ways; whereas the velveteens come out cloſe ſhorn. It is by a ſubſequent proceſs the ſhag is cut, not breadth-ways, but length-ways. The operation is ſimple, but requires a hand practiſed in it. It is commonly executed by a woman. The velveteen is ſtretched upon a table about four feet in length, covered with a hard cuſhion. The work-woman takes into her hand a blade, like that of a very thin ſword, about eighteen inches long, having at one end a handle, and at the other a ſtrait groove, into which is inſerted a ſharp point, which projects with a very acute edge. This point is ſlid between the threads, that are to be cut, to form the ſhag, and is rapidly puſhed the length of the chain. If they cut along all the threads, the ſtuff reſembles complete velvet. If, after having cut length-ways a number of threads, they paſs over many others of the warp without cutting, the reſult is a ſtriped ſtuff, with ſtripes equal or unequal, wide or narrow, according to the ſpaces there are between the parts cut on the ſhag, and the parts that remain even. This work is ſo eaſily and readily performed, that they pay no more than ſix livres for cutting a whole piece. They ſtamp many pieces of velveteen for waiſtcoats, and, when the pattern is well choſen, it

has a pleaſing appearance; but, in general, the colours with which they ſtamp are not faſt, becauſe the expence neceſſary to fix them would exceed the price at which they are accuſtomed to ſell theſe ſtuffs.

It is eaſy to diſtinguiſh the velveteens from velvets. The ground of the parts, that are not cut in ſhag, and the ſelvages reſemble ſatin; whereas in the velvets the texture of the ſelvages is plain, like that of the cloth. On opening the pieces that are cut ſhag-faſhion, and on folding the ſtuff, it is perceived, that in velvets the nap divides itſelf breadth-ways, whereas in velveteens it ſeparates lengthways.

M. Genſe-Duming and company have a great manufactory of cloth and caſſimeres. The latter have merited the commendation of a jury, named in the tenth year, to examine the products of public induſtry. The jury declared, that the texture of the cloth was perfectly regular, and that its fineneſs ſurpaſſed that of foreign caſſimeres of the firſt quality, in the proportion of one hundred to ſixty-eight. I ſhall not dwell on this ſubject, but only obſerve, that there is a caſſimere which has in the chain three thouſand ſix hundred threads, which ſuppoſes extreme fineneſs in a ſtuff of ſo moderate a breadth: and I will add, that M. Genſe propoſes to give a perfection to his caſſimeres by burning them as we burn dimities; that is, by paſſing them over a red-hot cylinder to burn off all the ſhag and all the pluſh that do not form the ſurface of the cloth.

A workman in M. Genſe's manufactory has invented a machine to ſhear cloth, and other woollen ſtuffs, without employing hands to give force to the ſhears, which can be worked by a ſtream of water, or any other power. The inventor has received from the ſociety for encouraging diſcoveries a reward of ſix hundred livres. I have ſeen the machine in action. The ſame workman is actually employed in the conſtruction of a machine to card and ſpin the wool, like thoſe which are uſed for carding and ſpinning of cotton.

In the verbal proceſs of the jury for examining the products of the public induſtry in the tenth year, there was mention of threads of wool, carded and ſpun at Marly, by mechanical means. A late journaliſt, therefore, has done wrong in declaring, that there has not yet been ſeen on the continent a mill for carding and ſpinning of wool. The machine of M. Snieber, of which the journaliſt ſpeaks, might, perhaps, be the firſt of the kind that has appeared in Germany; but it is not the firſt which has been known on the continent. The manufactory of M. Genſe is carried on with the greateſt ſpirit and activity.

The central ſchool is held in an old religious houſe; it is ſpacious, and has a good room for the library; but the arrangement of books is in no great forwardneſs. Among the editions of the fifteenth century depoſited in it, I have ſeen a fine copy of

the Rationale of Durand, in vellum, dated 1459. Among the manuſcripts are moſt of thoſe which belonged to the abbey of Corbie. During the adminiſtration of the diſtrict, ſome learned members of it perceived, undoubtedly with great ſurpriſe, that the manuſcripts were encloſed in wooden covers, in which they diſcovered many worm holes; and, like good philoſophers, they decided that it was neceſſary to extirpate the evil from the root, by removing all the wooden coverings. It was done with quick diſpatch; at this day all the volumes of manuſcripts are no more than bundles wrapped up in a ſheet of paper, tied with a packthread. Every time that a manuſcript is examined, the packet muſt be untied. Without doubt great care is taken that not a leaf ſhould drop out of the bundle.

The principal infirmaries are a general one, and an hoſpital for the ſick. The latter is too near the Somme, and is unwholeſome. The windows are not low enough. The ward for the wounded is encumbered with beds, and filled with a thick air from the turf, which they burn in it. It ſhould be the ſcheme of the prefect and mayor to remove the hoſpital for the ſick into part of the buildings of the general one, and to divide it into two apartments. The moſt healthy ſhould be deſtined for the retreat of the indigent, who always live in the houſe. That part of the buildings, which is ſituated by the ſide of the river, would ſerve to eſtabliſh a houſe of induſtry; the current of water would be uſeful to the workmen, and a houſe for labour would be very uſeful to the town, becauſe there are many beggars in it.

The general hoſpital receives old men, old women, young boys, young girls, and new-born deſerted children. The daily commons of theſe poor people is eſtimated at eight ſous each, all expences included. Every one has every day a quarter of a pound of meat, weighed out raw, ſome roots, with a pound and a quarter of brown bread. The building is handſome, the wards are large, and well ventilated. The dormitory for the old men is the neateſt I have ever ſeen. Every one in the infirmary ſleeps alone. There are beſides work-ſhops and refectories, ſo that, except the chambers where the very old men and women, and the diſabled, remain all the day, the other dormitories are empty and open in the day. The prefect remarked, that the young boys had not been regulated. Order is certainly now re-eſtabliſhed. He is Citizen Quinette, who, after having been a member of the departments, and of the national aſſemblies, finiſhed his education at Ehrenbreitſtein, and at Spielberg, a fortreſs of Brunn, in Moravia. Nothing can be more proper to form a man for the cares and management, which the ſick, the indigent, and priſoners require, than two or three years probation in the Auſtrian priſons. The pains and trouble taken by Citizen Quinette, and the ſingular and unalterable tranquillity, which he remarkably maintains under all, afford excellent leſ-

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ſons of compaſſion to the ſufferings of others, and applying all the reſources, that are capable of alleviating their weight.

In the hoſpital of Amiens are received, as I have ſaid, new-born deſerted children. They ſend them into the country to be nurſed, till they are able to walk; at firſt they give them a little wine to drink, then cow's milk. If they are not healthy, they continue to feed them in the ſame manner, and they have the happineſs of ſaving ſome. In general, I have been exceedingly pleaſed with the great care which I have obſerved taken of new-born children, whom their parents have abandoned, in all the departments which I have viſited.

I return, for a moment, to the city of Amiens. In running over it to viſit the eſtabliſhments, of which I have given an account, we paſs by three fine walks formed on the ramparts by the demolition of old walls and uſeleſs baſtions. The courſe or walk of Hautoy is of a moderate length, but it is well planted, well aired, and borders on the Somme. The wharf on this river is very ſmall: they wiſh to enlarge it. Near the wharf is a hydraulic machine, which raiſes the water, and diſtributes it over all quarters of the town, where it is extremely ſerviceable to many manufactories. The machine is very ſimple. A great wheel, the axle of which is furniſhed with four excentric circles of caſt iron, moves the flyers, that draw up and let down the piſtons. There is ſcarcely any expence in keeping it in repair: but the moving power is very conſiderable; for the wheel is of a large diameter, and is ſet in motion by a ſtrong current of water.

There are ſome fine edifices in this town; firſt the cathedral, juſtly celebrated. It has not ſuffered during the revolution, and is yet very finely ornamented: then the corn-market, well built; the governor's houſe, built on a good plan, four years ſince, to be the houſe of juriſdiction, by M. d'Agay. The population is about forty thouſand ſouls, and it is an active town. A great inconvenience is, that they are obliged to burn turf for want of wood, which is ſcarce and dear. This is diſagreeable fuel. It produces a thick ſmoke, which ſpreads through the houſes, and penetrates into the plaiſter and even the bricks. It is not ſufficient to waſh, to ſcrape, and to white-waſh again, as in countries where they burn coal: it is neceſſary to point the walls again, and to lay on them a new plaſter.

ORIGIN *of* STOURBRIDGE FAIR.

THE following extract is made from Dr. Fuller's Hiſtory of the Univerſity of Cambridge:

"This Stourbridge fair is ſo called from Stur, a little rivulet (on both ſides whereof it is kept), on the eaſt of Cambridge,

whereof this original is reported. A clothier of Kendal, a town characterized to be *Lanificii gloria & induſtria præcellens*, caſually wetting his cloath in water in his paſſage to London, expoſed it there to ſail, on cheap termes, as the worſe for wetting, and yet it ſeems ſaved by the bargain. Next year he returned again with ſome other of his townſmen, proffering drier and dearer cloth to be ſold. So that within few years hither came a confluence of buyers, ſellers, and lookers-on, which are the three principles of a fair. *In memoria* thereof Kendal men challenge ſome privilege in that place, annually chooſing one of the town to be chief, before whom an antic ſword was carried with ſome mirthful ſolemnities, diſuſed of late, ſince theſe ſad times, which put mens' minds into more ſerious employments." This was about 1417.

Advantages to be derived to Great-Britain from the Poſſeſſion of the Cape of Good Hope.

[From an Account of the Cape of Good Hope, juſt publiſhed, by Captain Robert Percival, Author of the Account of Ceylon.]

THE ſituation of the Cape of Good Hope, placed as it is directly in the middle between the two great diviſions of the Britiſh empire, forces itſelf upon the attention of Great Britain, as a poſſeſſion which would not only contribute to her proſperity, but which ſeems almoſt eſſential to her ſafety. The Cape, in the hands of the tributary republic of Holland, can only be conſidered as a French colony: and when we conſider that Bonaparte looks upon our Indian territories as the great reſource of our national power, we cannot ſuppoſe that he will long neglect to avail himſelf of the advantages which the local ſituation of the Cape preſents for our annoyance. Here he may have an opportunity of gradually throwing in forces and ſtores, and of accumulating, almoſt unperceived, ſuch a force as may prove truly dangerous to our poſſeſſions in the eaſt. Without a port to retire to for refreſhment or for ſhelter from the ſtorms of thoſe latitudes, it is impoſſible that our cruizers can here watch the motions of our enemy, or blockade his ſquadrons as we do in his European harbours. The forces which he might diſpatch from this ſtation againſt our Eaſt India ſettlements, would be far more dangerous than the ſame or a much greater number, ſent out direct from Europe. As the climate of the Cape ſeems in a particular manner fitted not only for recruiting the health of the ſoldier, but alſo for preparing him to endure the heats of India, our enemy's troops would on their arrival be enabled to cope with our forces on equal terms, and even with the advantage of unbroken health and ſpirits on their

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ſide. We may reſt aſſured that the enemy who could undertake the romantic ſcheme of penetrating by Egypt and the Red Sea to our eaſtern empire, will not overlook the eaſier and far more ſure means, of effectuating his purpoſe, which are preſented to him by the Cape of Good Hope.

To collect ſuch a force, however, at this ſtation as might actually endanger our Indian dominions, may be the work of time; but our enemy has not to look forward to a diſtant period before he can turn the Cape to the purpoſe of annoying us. Thoſe veſſels, which convey the reſources we derive from the eaſt, muſt of neceſſity paſs the ſeas which may be ſaid to be commanded by the Cape. In the outward-bound paſſage, indeed, our ſhips may take a wider range, but it is impoſſible for them to bear ſo far to the ſouth, as to be entirely out of the reach of an enemy's ſquadron ſtationed off the Cape to cruize againſt our trade. When we conſider the loſſes we ſuſtained in the laſt war by the cruizers from the Mauritius, and the Iſle de France, and when we look to the relative ſituation of theſe iſlands and the promontory of the Cape, we ſhall be convinced that with all theſe ſtations at once in their poſſeſſion, our enemies may ſo completely command the track of our Eaſt-India merchantmen, that an eſcape to Britain with their cargoes will be nearly as difficult for them, as to eſcape from the Havannah to Europe is for the regiſter-ſhips during a war between Spain and this country.

When theſe conſequences of the Cape being in the hands of our enemies are duly conſidered, it will appear a matter abſolutely required by political prudence, that we ſhould loſe no time in regaining this colony. During a war, the ſafety of our Eaſt-India trade can no otherwiſe be ſecured; and equally, in peace and in war, the Cape may be made uſe of for ſuch preparations as may afterwards be employed to wreſt from us our moſt valuable poſſeſſions. If report may indeed be believed, the French have already begun to collect at this point a force, which muſt cauſe the more uneaſineſs, and probably damage, that this is the ſtation, in all the world, where we can leaſt watch its motions and counteract its operations.

Theſe conſiderations, of ſecurity to a large portion of our dominions, are of themſelves, independent of all others, certainly ſufficient to juſtify our attempting to regain the Cape of Good Hope, even were the ſupport of the ſettlement to entail upon us a conſiderable expence; but there are many other advantages which it might be made to yield to Great-Britain. The internal wealth of the colony does not indeed hold out any temptation; and if its reſources could be made to maintain the civil and military eſtabliſhments neceſſary for its own defence, little more is to be expected from them, at leaſt for ſeveral years. I have, however, in the courſe of this work taken occaſion

ſion to point out many improvements of which various parts of the ſettlement are ſuſceptible, and ſeveral articles of produce which, by proper attention to their cultivation, might in time come to be of importance to our commerce and revenue. The wines of the Cape might, by proper culture, be rendered, in many inſtances, equal to thoſe of Europe. The high winds, the want of water, and other natural cauſes, obſtruct in ſome degree the extenſion of the wine plantations; but theſe obſtacles may be got over in a ſufficient number of inſtances to render the wines produced a valuable article of commerce. To ſecure in this manner, within our own dominions, a ſupply of a commodity, which from its general uſe in this country may be accounted a neceſſary of life, muſt, in the preſent diſtracted ſituation of Europe, and the precarious circumſtances of Portugal, be conſidered as an object which has a claim to the moſt ſerious attention of our government.

The cultivation of the ſugar-cane is another article which might be carried to a very conſiderable extent at the Cape. If a ſupply of ſugar and rum could thus be procured, without the continual riſk which attends the climate of the Weſt-Indies, we might at all times be enabled to under-ſell every other nation in theſe articles; the contingent loſs of any of our Weſt-India iſlands, or deſtruction of the plantations, would be a matter of leſs detriment to the nation at large; nor would ſo much Britiſh capital be ſunk, nor ſo many Britiſh lives yearly loſt on a moſt uncertain ſpecies of ſpeculation.

I have mentioned ſeveral other articles which might here be cultivated with much advantage, ſuch as tobacco and olives, the latter of which grow here in almoſt any ſoil. But it is not to particular articles of produce that the ſpeculations of the Cape planter require to be reſtricted; the productions of almoſt every climate might here be raiſed with advantage, if the art of man were induſtriouſly employed to ſecond the bounty of nature. If the method of collecting water and flooding the grounds were properly underſtood, and hedge-rows and woods reared at proper intervals to protect the fields, the internal riches of the Cape might, at no great diſtance of time, vie with that of any of our colonies.

The benefits which our Eaſt-India merchantmen, our South-Sea whalers, and our ſhips of all ſorts, which come into thoſe latitudes, would derive from our poſſeſſion of the Cape of Good Hope, are as great as they are obvious. A place of refreſhment and ſhelter for theſe veſſels, is, in many caſes, indiſpenſable; yet, with the exception of St. Helena, we have not a ſingle port to receive them in the vaſt ſtretch between Europe and the peninſula of India. The ſupplies of proviſions and water afforded by St. Helena are extremely ſcanty; and it has beſides this peculiar

culiar diſadvantage, that it can only be viſited by veſſels in their homeward-bound paſſage, and that for ſix months in the year it muſt be beat up to in the face of contrary winds. For outward-bound veſſels the Rio Janeiro ſerves at preſent as a half-way ſtation; but beſides that it takes our veſſels conſiderably out of their way, it is to be remembered that we have to depend for the continuance of this convenience to the friendſhip of the Portugueſe, who may already be conſidered as the humble tributaries of France.

The advantages of poſſeſſing the only naval ſtation in the track of our Eaſt-India trade, which by its harbours affords complete ſecurity at all ſeaſons of the year, and to any number of ſhips, ſeem indeed to be too evident to require any argument; and yet theſe advantages have of late been ſo much over-looked by the nation, that ſome reaſoning appears neceſſary to ſhew that they have not been over-rated. A ſtation in thoſe ſeas for refreſhing the crews of our trading veſſels, is an object daily increaſing in importance; nor can we reckon our commerce there at all ſecure, while we depend for its facilities in any degree on the precarious friendſhip of ſtates, who may be compelled to become our enemies. Other nations, the Americans in particular, have already begun to ſhare our trade in the Eaſt-Indies, and our fiſheries in the South-Seas. Every circumſtance that tends to obſtruct our commerce in that quarter, muſt in the ſame proportion increaſe that of our rivals; and in this manner a door may be opened to undermine one of the moſt valuable branches of our reſources.

If, on the other hand, the Cape of Good Hope were in our poſſeſſion, the facility of carrying on the Eaſt-India trade, and the South-Sea fiſhery, would greatly preponderate on our ſide; and our eſtabliſhed commerce and regular adventures, ſupported by the vaſt capital of this country, might then ſet all competition at defiance. The trade of all the other nations, whoſe veſſels frequent thoſe ſeas, would in that event be completely in our power. In the time of war a few cruizers ſtationed here might entirely command the ſurrounding ſeas, nor would it be almoſt poſſible for the veſſels of any nation trading to the Eaſt-Indies to eſcape them. The mere poſſeſſion of the harbours of the Cape, without almoſt any cruizers, would indeed be nearly ſufficient to bring all our enemies into our power. No European nation, with the exception of the Engliſh, can venture upon ſtretching between Europe and India without ſtopping by the way to refreſh.

For

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

Extracts from the much celebrated Sermon, preached at Briſtol, October 19, 1803, by the Rev. Robert Hall, of Cambridge.

SPEAKING of the degeneracy and impiety of the nation, he ſaith, "Another ſymptom of degeneracy appears in the growing diſregard of the external duties of religion; the duties more eſpecially to the Lord's Day and of public worſhip. It is ſuppoſed by ſuch as have the beſt means of information, that throughout the kingdom, the number who regularly aſſemble for worſhip is far inferior to thoſe who neglect it; that in our great towns and cities they are not one-fourth of the people, and in the metropolis a much ſmaller proportion. It is eaſy to foreſee how the leiſure afforded by the Chriſtian ſabbath will be employed by thoſe who utterly forget the deſign of its inſtitution. It is ſomewhat remarkable that here the extremes meet, and that the public duties of religion are moſt ſlighted by the higheſt and the loweſt claſſes of ſociety; by the former, I fear, from indolence and pride; by the latter from ignorance and profligacy.

Too many of the firſt deſcription, when they do attend, it is in ſuch a manner as makes it evident they eſteem it merely an act of condeſcenſion, to which they ſubmit as an example to their inferiors, who, penetrating the deſign, and imitating their indifference rather than their devotion, are diſguſted with a religion which they perceive has no hold on their ſuperiors, and is only impoſed on themſelves as a badge of inferiority and a muzzle of reſtraint. Could the rich and noble be prevailed upon for a moment to attend to the inſtructions of their Lord, inſtead of making their elevated rank a reaſon for neglecting theſe duties, they would learn that there are none to whom they are ſo neceſſary, ſince there are none whoſe ſituation is ſo perilous, whoſe reſponſibility is ſo great, and whoſe ſalvation is ſo arduous.

Here fidelity compels me to advert to a circumſtance, which I mention with ſincere reluctance, becauſe it implies ſomething like a cenſure on the conduct of thoſe whom it is our duty to reſpect. You are, probably, aware I mean the aſſigning part of the Sunday to military exerciſes. When we conſider how important an inſtitution the Chriſtian ſabbath is, how eſſential to religion, and what a barrier it oppoſes to the impiety and immorality of the age, is it not to be lamented that it ſhould ever have been, in the ſmalleſt degree, infringed by legiſlative authority? the reſt of the ſabbath had been already too much violated, its duties too much neglected; but this is the firſt inſtance of the

violation of it being publicly recommended and enjoined;* at a time too, when we are engaged with an enemy, whoſe very name conveys a warning againſt impiety. Our places of worſhip have been thinned by the abſence of thoſe who have been employed in military evolutions, and of a ſtill greater number of gazers, whom ſuch ſpectacles attract. Nor is the time loſt from religious duties ſo much to be conſidered, as that tumult and hurry of mind, utterly incompatible with devotion, which are inſeparable from military ideas and preparations. It could ſurely never be the intention of the legiſlature, though ſuch has been the effect, to detach the defenders of their country from the worſhippers of God: nor is it to be ſuppoſed they adverted to the influence which a precedent of ſuch high authority muſt have, in diveſting the ſabbath of its ſanctity in the eyes of the people, and of eſtabliſhing the fatal epoch whence it was no longer to be revered as the ordinance of Heaven. They had, we will believe, no ſuch intention; but the innocence of the intention abates nothing of the miſchief of the precedent.

"One more proof of the degeneracy of our manners is found in that almoſt univerſal profaneneſs which taints our daily intercourſe, and which has riſen to ſuch a height as to have become a melancholy characteriſtic of our country. In no nation under heaven, probably, has the profanation of ſacred terms been ſo prevalent as in this Chriſtian land! The name even of the Supreme Being himſelf, and the words he has employed to denounce the puniſhments of the impenitent, are rarely mentioned but in anger or in ſport; ſo that were a ſtranger to our hiſtory to witneſs the ſtyle of our converſation, he would naturally infer we conſidered religion as a detected impoſture, and that nothing more remained than, in return for the fears it had inſpired, to treat it with the inſult and deriſion due to a fallen tyrant.

"It is difficult to account for a practice which gratifies no paſſion, and promotes no intereſt, unleſs we aſcribe it to a certain vanity of appearing ſuperior to religious fear, which tempts men to make bold with their Maker. If there are hypocrites in religion, there are alſo, ſtrange as it may appear, hypocrites in impiety, men who make an oſtentation of more irreligion than they really poſſeſs. An oſtentation of this nature, the moſt irrational in the records of human folly, ſeems to lie at the root of profane ſwearing. It may not be improper to remind ſuch as indulge in this practice, that they need not inſult their Maker, to ſhew that they do not fear him, and that they may ſafely leave it to other parts of their conduct to efface the ſmalleſt ſuſpicion of their piety."

* The Book of Sports, in Charles the Second's reign, is not an exception, as this, though ſufficiently cenſurable, was not conſidered as a violation of the ſabbath, conſidered as a day of reſt.

Anſwer, by P. Gove, of Exeter, to A. Kyne's Charade, inſerted March 26.

YOUR palate, Sir, with mine agrees,
So we will have ſome STRAWBERRIES.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from G. Hunt, jun. of Stobe Abbot; and J Chubb, of Everſhot.

Anſwer, by W. Tucker, of Tilſhead School, to T. Bullock's Charade, inſerted March 26.

HOW often in the pleaſant fields I rove,
To hear the charming SONGSTRESS in the grove.

*** We have received the like anſwer from G. Holland, and G. Hann, jun. of Stoke Abbot; W. Gifford, of South Petherton; J. Squance, T. Whicker, and P. Gove, of Exeter; J. Channon, of Ottery; Recluſe, of Awliſcombe; A. Kyne, jun. of Dartmouth; and J. E. of Aſhburton.

A REBUS, *by R. Holwell, of Exeter.*

THREE-FOURTHS of what we often want,
Tranſpos'd will make my firſt appear;
Three-fourths of what are ſeldom ſcant,
In houſes where good cupboards are:
My colour'd whole the fair diſplay
With ſplendour on a winter's day.

A CHARADE, *by T. Rutger, of Clowance.*

MY firſt is oft the youthful ſtation,
Fix'd the rules of law to teach,
Where youths compleat their education,
Join'd with eloquence of ſpeech.
Oft at my next you'll hear diſplaying,
Thoſe who there their knowledge gain'd!
O may they ne'er be found betraying
Juſtice, truth, with mercy kind!
Thro' my whole I'm oft-times been,
With eaſe you'll tell what here I mean.

A CHARADE, *by P. Gove, of Exeter.*

WHEN Neptune bids the tempeſt riſe,
And foaming waves aſſail the ſkies,
And hurls deſtruction round;
The cavern rocks the din retain,
For echo lengthens out the ſtrain
Of its deſtructive ſound.
Alas! more dreadful is the ſhock,
When driven on ſome pointed rock,
My firſt's in pieces torn;
Frail mortals trembling in deſpair!
View death in frightful form appear,
And fill'd with anguiſh mourn.
My ſhatter'd ſecond then to view,
O'erſpread with the ſurviving crew,
A mournful ſcene unfold;
Each feeling heart muſt heave a ſigh,
And briny tears bedew the eye,
To view my dreadful whole!

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

ODE ON THE PAST.

DAYS of my youth! too quickly fled,
Viſions of love and bliſs, adieu!
How ill-acquir'd the aching head,
And manhood's ſorrowing heart, for you!
Ah! what avails, with hopeful eye,
The raptur'd future to deſcry!
In kindneſs hid the dark unknown,
Be our's the pleaſures paſt, ſince our's the paſt alone.

Why lingers recollection ſtill,
O'er the fair ſcenes of loſt delight;
What time, from yonder eaſtern hill,
Roſe the mild ſun of being bright?
It is; tho' calmer reaſon turn
From wilds where fancy's meteors burn,
She fondly gives the penſive tear
To joys by truth approv'd, and held by memory dear.

O come the forms by feeling wrought,
And chace the ſoul's ſad gloom away!
O come! for years have only taught
How ſoon the ſeeds of bliſs decay.
Lo! by the tempeſt, ſternly rude,
Life's blooming promiſe all ſubdu'd;
And manhood's yet unwithering prime
Shrinks at the wintry blaſt of unrelenting time.

If high ingenious honour charm;
If beauty win thy fond eſteem;
Warmth, prompt at friendſhip's call to arm;
And woman, all that lovers dream:
Thy mind from bittereſt anguiſh free,
If days unclouded thou would'ſt ſee;
Then, cloſe thine eyes on youth's gay lawn,
While yet thy Eden bloom, while now thy morning dawn.

Weak man! what means the wiſh to gain,
With wearied ſteps, fame's arduous ſteep;
Why madly truſt the faithleſs main,
To graſp profuſion's glittering heap?
Even all that conqueſt ſtill adorns
Is often but a crown of thorns;
Still, the proud ſtandard that he rears
Is hail'd by orphan cries, and drench'd with widow'd tears.

Shall letter'd glory's gen'rous toils,
A brighter recompence beſtow?
Ah! what are learning's envied ſpoils,
But ſlight, and penury, and woe?
Deep to the winds poor genius ſighs,
And roves unſeen, with tearful eyes;
Not pitying friends his fate enquire,
'Till, borne by mis'ry down, unaided worth expire!

Since

Since honours, riches, genius, fail
To ſoothe and ſatisfy the mind,
I turn to that elyſian vale
Of loves and graces, yet behind!
There, fancy all her ſcene arrays;
There, nature at the heart-ſtrings plays;
There, ſweetly wild, the varied year;
There, joy's extatic thrill, and April's cloudleſs tear.

Days of my youth! too quickly fled,
Viſions of love and bliſs, adieu!
But ill exchang'd the aching head,
And manhood's ſorrowing heart, for you!
No more intent, with hopeful eye,
The rapturous future to deſcry,
While kindly hid the dark unknown,
Mine be the pleaſures paſt, for mine the paſt alone!

Elegy on the Death of General Grinfield, who fell a Victim to the yellow Fever, at the Age of 58, *on the* 19*th of October*, 1803, *in Barbadoes, three Days after the Deceaſe of his amiable Lady. Written by Captain Stokdale, of the Loyal Britons.*

WHAT boding omens, on the weſtern gale,
In tearful ſympathy, this iſle aſſail?
Why ſad, reſponſive, does Britannia ſigh?
Has fate decreed a nation's downfall nigh?
Ah! no: but yet a generous people mourn
Their Grinfield dead, from them and glory torn.
The verdant laurels, to his eager graſp,
Yield, nor relent, his warlike brow to claſp.
Long, vainly, death in battle's ſtorm had tried,
To pierce his gallant breaſt with crimſon dy'd;
In vain oppos'd the thundering cannon's roar,
And glittering ſteel; he firmly trod the ſhore.
His country's cauſe bore down the oppoſing hoſt,
"My country, God, and king," his only boaſt.

So, foil'd, the tyrant, in the blood-ſteep'd field,
To other ſcenes he flew, unus'd to yield:
A much-lov'd wife in ſickneſs, drooping, laid;
The hero ſoon the calls of love obey'd;
To ſoothe her pain, without ſucceſs, he ſtrove;
Her ſpirit fled, to happier realms, above
He felt the fatal pang, and, kneeling, cried,
"Thou, deareſt angel, be my final guide!
"The path long trodden on the earth below,
"Together leaving, let us now forego!
"No more on fleeting triumphs ſhall I riſe,
"But join thy choir celeſtial in the ſkies."
Our mortal hero then reſign'd his breath,
And, dying, conquer'd, e'en the victor, death.

Lines written on a Stone in Fountain's Abbey, in Yorkſhire.

COULD human vengeance turn his brooding eye
On this ſweet ſcene, his gloomy curſe would ceaſe.
Here might ambition's reſtleſs wiſhes die,
And miſ'ry's bleeding heart drink deep of peace.
God of my life—above thy choiceſt gifts
I bleſs thee, for the nerves that vibrate free
To nature's touch, for gratitude that lifts,
In this majeſtic ſcene, my ſoul to thee!